

EVIL SPIRIT VOICES BOMBARDING MY PEACE

(POEM)

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**Wake up world
There are voices
All around you
Or maybe
It's best to never know
About it
What is there to gain
Knowing the reality
Can seem so insane**

**I just felt
One of them
Jump onto my chair
These invisible beings
Their voices seeming
To fill the air**

**Acting twisted
And methodical
Didn't you know
They want to connect with you
They want you
To let them through**

**Perhaps they want you
To do EVP
This can let them through
Or a Spirit Box**

Or a Ouija Board

These can let them through

Or automatic writing

Or a pendulum

These to can let them through

At first

They'll seem nice to you

But then.....

The voices will come

The voices

Then the physical attacks

And the voices

All day

All night

Through and through

Once they get through

They'll really start talking

Talking and talking

Bombarding with their voices

Lies

Lies

They'll tell so many lies

Lies perfected

Like you never knew

These are the entity voices

That now got through

Daytime

Nighttime

Silence being blitzed

Silence being set alight

An audio plight

Beyond imagining

When they get through

EVP voices

Like Trojan Horses

Always wanting to get through

Bringing their gifts of deception

Waiting for

The gate to be opened

A Ouija Board

Could bring them through

A Spirit Box

Could bring them through

EVP can bring them through

Voices and more voices

Like strafing war planes

Voices and more voices

Like Zeppelins over London

Voices and more voices

Like ninjas over the walls

Voices and more voices
Like radio doomsday
Voices and more voices
Like Krakatoa going off
In mid-afternoon
Voices and more voices
Like shadows in rebellion
Voices and more voices
Like toxic waste
Washed up on a beach
Voices and more voices
Like solar flares
Knocking out grids
Voices and more voices
Like monuments
Toppled and trampled on
Voices and more voices
Like flying saucers
Cutting the powerlines
Voices and more voices
Like amphibious landing craft
Hitting an Atoll
Voices and more voices
Like napalm in the Middle East
Voices and more voices
Like secret societies
Secretly in cahoots
Voices and more voices

Like television fixations

At breaking point

Voices and more voices

Like steel blades

In a Thracian field

Voices and more voices

Like piracy outlawed

By the Crown

Voices and more voices

Like restless nights

Under neon hypnosis

Sleep deprived days

Sleep deprived nights

Look out the window

Looking for the world

Seeing descending

Beings of mystery

My light tonight

Is a defiant flame

Stars so far away

Unknown life forms

So very near

Truth bent like rebar

They build pillboxes

Too shoot voices at psychics

Here I am

Living it

One day at a time

What have you found

With such exploration unraveled

O' theater of lies

Ouija Boards

Can bring you lies

Recognize

The chasm below

And above

Alchemical

Reflections

Spray painted on walls

Ouija Boards

Can bring you voices

Voices setting

Invisible traps

Voices watching you

When you wouldn't

Want them to be

Voices at three in the morning

Opening portals

With machinery

Into this dimension

They want

To get through

In the middle of the night

Invisible eyes

Seeing through minds

EVP could bring them here

Spirit Boxes

Could bring them near

Ouija Boards

Could kick in doors

Wake up world

Or go back to sleep

I'm not sure which is better

I'm not sure which to keep

With the Sun

The voices rise

With the Moon

The voices rise

When the voices rise

They can overtake

Your day

Now that they are in

Now that they are connected

Now that they

Are given access

To perceptions

With the Sun

The voices rise

With the Moon

The voices get wired in

To your fatigue

With the Sun

The voices remain

Dimensional doors

Broken

Pierced

Hit with artillery

Scrambled with

Audio distortion

**With many crows
Perched on many fences**

**Ouija Boards
Can pierce the door
EVP and Spirit Boxes
Can scramble
With audio distortion**

**Flying under radars
That line the coast
Flying under and above
Personal beliefs
Flying all around you
So that
They're already there.....around you**

**Voices.....
Telling you things.....
Warped
Distorted
Extorted
Exploited
Mythical
Illogical
Ruinous
Devious**

Contagious

Noxious

Poisonous

Out of alignment

With all things

You thought

Were real

Taking it

To the limit

With EVP

And the door

Could fly off the hinges

So why record

In hostile territory

Why record

In barbed wire

Audio fields

Why record

When quicksand is everywhere

Why record

When spiritual madness

Comes down to us

As moonlight

Why record

When doors are often

Easily broken

Why record

When windows

Are vulnerable to the rocks

Why record

When the mind

Is not

A solid fortress

Don't record

Lest the flood gates open

And tides of voices rise

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